

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



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NO. 31.

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HAIL HOLY CHRISTMAS MORN.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Hail the holy Christmas morning,
Rich in blessings from that clime
Where the Lord of peace and glory
Saw the dawning of His time—
Where the stars lit up the heavens
Like a gorgeous diadem.
While a mother, gently kneeling,
Kissed the Babe of Bethlehem.
Hail the holy Christmas morning
Crowned anew with love and peace!
In the brightness of its dawning
Earthly woes and sorrows cease;
Hear the bells within the steeples
Swinging gladly to and fro,
As they tell again the story
How the Christ came long ago!
Hail anew the Christmas morning!
Let the sad heart fill with cheer,
Drift afar the clouds of passion,
Joy and happiness are here;
Ah, methinks I hear the music
Wafted from that spot afar,
Where the old and bearded shepherds
Followed long the guiding star.
Hail the happy Christmas morning
With the pleasure that it brings!
In the air around about us
There's a rush of angel wings;
And I listen, rapt and eager,
'Neath the pretty Christmas tree,
For the echo of His footsteps
From the shores of Galilee.
Hail the holy Christmas morning!
Let the beggar lift his head;
He can stand beside the monarch
'Neath the Orient's humble shed;
From the manger old in story,
From the old and darkened door,
Goes the Christ in robes of glory
To the help of rich and poor.
Hail with joy the Christmas morning
For it breathes of better times,
Dawning on the mingled nations
From the fairest of earth's climes;
Aye, from lands by ocean hidden,
From the islands far away,
Come the songs of peace and rapture
On this blessed Christmas day.

bright-eyed boy, who feels that sleep never was intended for his eyes as he lies awake and listens eagerly for the sounds that will proclaim either the advent of Santa Claus or his own parents. He has been somewhat in doubt for a long time about that Santa Claus fiction, he has gauged the width of the chimney and scoffed at the idea of the corpulent saint squeezing his rotund body into such an aperture. Yet there lingers still a doubt, a latent hope maybe, that his childish ideal, his splendid Christmas myth is a really true article after all. This night, however, will determine for him. If, as some of his schoolmates have hinted Santa Claus is his father and mother, he will catch them in their act of deception and turn now with a mighty scorn at the joke they have played upon him since his babyhood—he will stand forth and denounce them as the frauds they are. With this object in view he keeps his eyes firmly fastened on the stockings hanging by the big fireplace in the outer room. He can easily see them from his bed. He can also see the cold glitter of the stars through the frosty-capped window-panes. He thinks it will be a great day for skating to-morrow. He hopes he will get a new pair of skates. He would like that knife too he saw in John Rogers' window in the village street. Surely if his parents are Santa Claus he has hinted enough about it to make them know to a certainty he desires it. But father has said it was a bad season and Santa Claus even was cramped, so maybe the stockings will hang as they are—quite empty. As they are—yes, there they are, in the quiet room, the firelight ever and anon flickers up so that the boy can see their shapeless lankness. He is going to make quite sure tonight who fills them if they are filled. Perhaps he had better feign sleep. Of course, who would come while he was staring wide-eyed at them—just pretend, just a natural making believe that he is in the land of dreams. He will pull up the covers a little closer under his chin. The air in the bedroom is chill despite the fire beyond. Rover the watchdog barks complainingly. He is awake too. No one can come down the chimney without their knowing it. He'll surprise them all to-morrow. A rooster crows, a gray light is creeping into the room. The fire in the other room is out—good gracious! it is morning! And the stockings, shapeless in another way, beckon with their bulging sides to the boy, who rubs his sleepy eyes in amazement, and declares that he never slept but one tiny minute the whole night long, and in that space of time Santa Claus or his parents took a mean advantage of him and did the trick he was so anxious to expose.

Then the midday dinner. Such a feast, the browned turkey, the glowing cranberry sauce, the rich plum-pudding with a festive bit of green sticking in its plethoric outlines. Father in his best suit and mother very gay in her ribbon trimmed cap and silk apron. The relatives from far and near have gathered to do honor to the feast and exchange happy Christmas greetings, and with innocent mirth and jest convert the simple pleasure into a veritable revel according to the notion of the boy who eats in unrestricted gluttony, until, by sheer force of nature's absolute refusal, he is obliged to give up, but not before he lays in a pocket supply of nuts and raisins surreptitiously removed from the table. Later comes a sleigh ride and then the cider and apples in the early evening around the fire, where the popcorn crackles and the young people read their fate in snapping chestnuts or apple parings until the great hall clock chimes out nine warning strokes, and the company disperses, leaving the host and hostess to gather up a sleepy boy, who is discovered curled up in the corner, overcome by the joy of a day of unalloyed happiness. He may have the worst sort of nightmare to contend with, he may even need the kindly offices of his mother and the bottle of colic mixture; but he still owns the precious knife; he has not yet touched the gingerbread man, and on the morrow he will whittle and whistle as he does the chores, rejoicing over the bounty of a Christmas that in the years to come he will look back upon as a very trivial, cheap affair, judging by his purse standard of later days, but richer in real, true sentiment, peace and good-will than ever creeps into the ones when fortune has smiled on him and he could fill the stockings of all his relatives with gold dollars and never feel the lack of a dime.

Now. To-day what does Christmas mean to him? He is a millionaire, and whatever money can procure that is his for the mere stroke of a pen on a blank check, the mere withdrawal of a bill from a well-filled purse. What is the program of the day for him in all his pomp and power? He does not lie awake the night before speculating about the possibility of discovering the identity of Santa Claus. He knows who he is. He is his own Santa Claus, for fortune has taught him that to the rich gifts are given in the hopes of greater in return. He has perhaps strolled into his club as the clocks chimed out the hour of midnight. There a lot of convivial men in correct evening dress have wished him a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." He has spent so much of his life building up of fortune that he has not had time to make friends. There are none in all the crowd celebrating the advent of the great day who feel sufficiently familiar with him to give him a cordial grasp of the hand, and with real, true kindness ringing in their tones sincerely wish him "A Merry Christmas." To-night he thinks of the boy who waited so impatiently for the dawning of the day when the empty stockings would be transformed into full ones, and the old memories awaken in him something so nearly akin to real emotion as has possessed since he began to make the gain of gold his one absorbing thought. He becomes suddenly gregarious in his inclinations, and so by the power of that gold which he has slaved and grown old for he invites the

roysterers to join him in wine, he treat at his own expense being his only way to win the good-will that was so freely given in the old days. The crowd drinks his wine, pronounces him a good fellow, wishes him a merry Christmas, and go their way, leaving him to sign the card, fee the obsequious waiter, and depart, realizing more forcibly than ever that there are some things in this world that money cannot buy. As he strolls slowly up the handsome residence street to his own home—it being one of the end-of-the-century Christmases, clear and almost warm—he catches a glimpse now and then of a Christmas tree being dressed for the little folks' delight to-morrow, and he thinks of the grandchildren who will assemble at his board on the morrow and the gifts which he has ordered for them. Mechanical toys, bicycles, fur-lined coats, jewels, money, all the concentrated richness and luxury of life, and how will they receive them? He can see it all. Disappointed looks, dissatisfied grumbling, hypocritical gratitude, surfeited, pampered children and children's children will spurn the wealth of benefits that to the boy with the four-bladed knife and red mittens would have seemed a veritable Aladdin's palace of treasure to be desired but never possessed. He sighs as he puts his night key in the heavily-carved door that bears the number of his home. He sighs as he passes in quietly over the soft thick carpet and up the staircase to his own apartments. His man is sitting up for him, and in his paid way gives him every attention; but his master is in a retrospective frame of mind to-night, and the obsequious James gets no response to his anxious queries regarding the condition of his masters health, no evidence that the grim figure has heard the wish for "A Merry Christmas," or the serjants' prognostication as to the weather on the great holiday. The millionaire's mind is in the past to-night. His thoughts are with father and mother. His dear old dad didn't have to sit up alone in gorgeous state in his own isolated apartments, the while mother frisked at a quilting bee or corn husking. The millionaire's lady wife and daughters are out to-night attending a reception at the house of Mrs. Cressus. They will come in later, or rather earlier. They will neither know nor care whether he is in or out. There will be no little stockings hanging in the great hall. The caterer, the florist, the jeweler, the confectioner are the Santa Claus of a millionaire household, and the man sighs for the days when twenty-five cents seemed a fortune and a new pair of shoes was an event to be recorded in farmhouse annals.

Christmas in the millionaire's household is a great day. What it lacks in sentiment it makes up in gorgeousness. After the late breakfast, which is the necessary consequence of the dissipations of the night before, the business of the day begins. To the servants there is more real meaning in it than to the spoiled ones above stairs, who have long ere this acquired, through the magic power of husband and father's money, nearly all that can be desired; but the butler, the footman, the men and maid servants generally are not so blest, and the distribution of packages and purses have for them a real significance. Here, if he is not lost to all feeling, the millionaire discovers a semblance of that old-time emotion, when he first had enough money saved to buy his mother the silk dress she had been longing for all her life. His wife and children he knows will thank him graciously and prettily for his remembrance, but there will not be the genuine ring in it that his heart longs for. They will accept smilingly jewels that cost as much as the farm on which he was raised, and deem them but a few more baubles to add to the already overflowing caskets. It is not likely that they have brought him anything. If they have he will pay for it on next month's bill. He smiles grimly at the thought, and wonders if

he really can be that same boy who so rejoiced over the ride in the old flat-bottom sleigh when his own brougham, with its coachman, footman and fine horses, arrives to convey himself and madam to church; for our millionaire is a religious man, a pillar whose check book journeys to the heavenly mansions when he leaves his own to his wife and daughters, together with other collateral which counts for morals in the world's code. With other well-groomed men of plethoric fortunes he exchanges Christmas greeting; he accepts with unmoved dignity the murmured thanks of the rector for his generous check, knowing full well that his courtesy would be quickly changed to calm hauteur should fate play any pranks with his financial ability to thus secure the ministerial favor.

Farmer boys or financial Cressus, dinner has a meaning subtle and convincing to both. From church our millionaire returns to dawdle over the newspapers and saunter to the club, there to discuss the political situation of the money market until the lengthening shadows warn him that it is time to put himself into the hands of his "man" and later meet his family at the great feast of the day—the Christmas dinner prepared by his five-thousand-dollar chef, and which has not a dish on the elaborate menu to compare as he remembers it with that plum pudding with the bit of green on the proud, plump surface. Flowers that have been forced to bloom for this occasion, fruit transported in cotton from a warmer climate, birds, terrapin, the aristocracy of the vegetable kingdom, crisp salads and French-flavored ices and sorbets, washed down by wines of the rarest vintage and choicest bouquet; an exchange of airy small talk with relatives and friends, light laughter, frivolity and artificiality. His palate may be satisfied but his heart is not. The boyish relish of the golden turkey was lost in the first victory over the golden dollar. He can never win it back. The cider has changed to wine, the big mansion has replaced the humble farmhouse. He is king among men. To wish is to be gratified. Yet, as he lies down at night after a day of luxury and perfect content from the world's standpoint, who can say that he puts his head on the pillow without a shadowy memory of that other day when he had so little but was so rich, while now he has so much but is in many ways so poor.—*Phila. Times.*

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"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.

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MR. LINGER—Do you suppose that Miss Kittish meant it as a hint?

MR. SPATS—Meant what as a hint?

MR. LINGER—She said, "Merry Christmas."—*Judge.*

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Clerk of the Court—Hugh H. Hargett.

Orphan's Court.
Judge—John W. Grider, Wm. R. Young and George W. Wilson.
Clerk—Charles E. Saylor.

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County Commissioners—George A. Dean, William H. Moran, Sigelton E. Reamsburg, Geo. P. C. A. & T. S. Zantz.
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Examining—E. L. Bollitz.

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Notary Public—E. L. Annan.
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Registrars—A. A. Annan, A. V. Keppers.
Constables—S. N. McNair.
School Trustees—John W. Reigle.

Town Officers.
Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Francis A. Maxwell, William Morrison, Oscar A. Frantz, George T. Gulwicks, Victor K. Rowe, F. A. Diefendal.

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinevald. Services every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock. Wednesday services at 7 o'clock. Catechetical class on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. David H. Hiddle. Morning service at 10:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:15 o'clock a. m.
St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. P. F. Kavanaugh, C. M. First Mass 10 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 3 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.
Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. M. H. Courtney. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.
Societies.
Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindler her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers—Prophet, John F. Adelsberger; Sachem, Daniel Shorb; Sen. Secy, J. K. Byers; Jun. Secy, J. D. Caldwell; C. of R., George L. Gilleland; E. of W., Dr. John W. Reigle; Representative to Great Council, John Byers; Trustees, William Morrison, John F. Adelsberger and J. D. Caldwell.
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Commander, S. N. McNair; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel Gamble; Junior Vice-Commander, John H. Troxell; John W. Davidson; Officer of the Day, Wm. H. Weaver; Quartermaster, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Guard, Albert Dettmer; Surgeon, John Shank; Delegates to State Encampment, W. A. Fraley, Samuel Gamble; Alternates, C. S. Zeck, and Samuel Wazarski.
Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Firemen's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, James A. Shiple; Secretary, Wm. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Jos. D. Caldwell; 1st Lieut., Howard Rider; 2nd Lieut., Andrew Annan; Chief Hoseman, W. E. Ashbaugh; Hose Director, Thos. E. Fralley.
Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, Directors, L. M. Motter, J. Thos. Gulwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, E. S. Annan, E. Rowe, C. B. Reichenberger.
The M. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.
Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Manley; President, President, A. V. Keppers; Vice President, Joseph Hopp; Secretary, George Keppers; Assistant Secretary, Wm. L. Myers; Treasurer, John W. Wuestel; Sergeant at Arms, John C. Shorb; Sick Visiting Committee, Henry C. Taylor, John C. Shorb, Jacob L. T. Hoyer, James Seltzer; Board of Directors, John A. Fuddford, Joseph E. Hopp, John Hoke.

Emmitsburg Council, No. 53, Jr. O. U. A. M. Council meets every Tuesday evening at 7 p. m. Officers: M. F. Saylor, Vice-Councilor; Hugh Adelsberger, Recording Secretary; Edgar C. Moser, Assistant Recording Secretary; E. L. Zimmerman, Conductor; Charles Lanters; Warden, Geo. Kuzlar; In Side Sentinel, Holland Went; Outside Sentinel, M. J. Whitmore; Financial Secretary, J. F. Adelsberger; Treasurer, V. E. Rowe; Chaplain, William Fair; P. St. Contoller, Yost, C. Harbaugh; Trustees, W. D. Collifower, J. D. Caldwell and H. Wertz; Representative to State Council, J. S. Sheckley; Alternates, Yost C. Harbaugh.

Emmitsburg Branch of the Rochester Savings and Loan Association.
President, Dr. John B. Bravner; Secretary, John H. Rosensteel; Treasurer, Dr. John B. Bravner; Directors, P. J. Felix, V. E. Rowe, F. A. Adelsberger, Joseph Felix, John H. Rosensteel. Meets at the President's office the first Thursday of each month.

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Let the holy Christmas morning!

Let the world take up the strain;
Angel choirs will waft it heav'n's way—
'Peace on earth, good will again.'
Ay, to-day the flowers are blooming
Far beyond the wastes of snow,
And they blossom in God's valleys
As they blossom long ago.
Hail the matchless Christmas morning
With its story sweet and old;
Let the stars that shone o'er Judah
Once again His love unfold;
All the world looks longing eastward
Toward that far-off, sainted clime,
For the Christmas Christ will greet it
In the fullness of His time.
—The Valley Register.

His Christmas Now and What It Was Then.

THE MILLIONAIRE OF TODAY AND THE FARMERBOY OF YEARS AGO.

BY EDITH TOWNSEND EVERETT.

Reveries of His Boyhood's Christmas.
How it used to snow at Christmas time when he was a boy—no green Christmas in those days; no thaw until the big one in January set in, and the sleighs gave place to the wagon, and the crisp, white coverlid of frozen crystals changed to mud that reached the hubs. No indeed, Christmas was Christmas then in every sense of the word—in weather, in enjoyment, in mystification, in happy anticipation and blissful retrospection, a glorious jumble of Santa Claus, mince pie, new boots, sleigh bells and frost-bitten ears, a very season of perfect happiness to the boy, content more perfect than ever came in later years when ambition had spurred him on the last step on the ladder of fortune, when worldly honors were showered thick upon him and there was not another apple to reach for on the tree of knowledge. Then life lay before him, an untrodden, bewitching mystery, and on the Christmas days that meant so much to the youth dreams perhaps were dreamt that later developed into realities to be found lacking in the essential qualities that constituted the Christmas day of boyhood, making it more replete with soul satisfaction than the Christmas day of ripened manhood, fulfilled desires and perfected aims.

And what was the day of days like to the embryotic millionaire, the man to later achieve the destination of financial greatness? Let memory paint the pictures as the mind roves back into the past to "the night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse." Ah yes, there is some one stirring, a very real some one, a brown-haired, rosy-cheeked,

bright-eyed boy, who feels that sleep never was intended for his eyes as he lies awake and listens eagerly for the sounds that will proclaim either the advent of Santa Claus or his own parents. He has been somewhat in doubt for a long time about that Santa Claus fiction, he has gauged the width of the chimney and scoffed at the idea of the corpulent saint squeezing his rotund body into such an aperture. Yet there lingers still a doubt, a latent hope maybe, that his childish ideal, his splendid Christmas myth is a really true article after all. This night, however, will determine for him. If, as some of his schoolmates have hinted Santa Claus is his father and mother, he will catch them in their act of deception and turn now with a mighty scorn at the joke they have played upon him since his babyhood—he will stand forth and denounce them as the frauds they are. With this object in view he keeps his eyes firmly fastened on the stockings hanging by the big fireplace in the outer room. He can easily see them from his bed. He can also see the cold glitter of the stars through the frosty-capped window-panes. He thinks it will be a great day for skating to-morrow. He hopes he will get a new pair of skates. He would like that knife too he saw in John Rogers' window in the village street. Surely if his parents are Santa Claus he has hinted enough about it to make them know to a certainty he desires it. But father has said it was a bad season and Santa Claus even was cramped, so maybe the stockings will hang as they are—quite empty. As they are—yes, there they are, in the quiet room, the firelight ever and anon flickers up so that the boy can see their shapeless lankness. He is going to make quite sure tonight who fills them if they are filled. Perhaps he had better feign sleep. Of course, who would come while he was staring wide-eyed at them—just pretend, just a natural making believe that he is in the land of dreams. He will pull up the covers a little closer under his chin. The air in the bedroom is chill despite the fire beyond. Rover the watchdog barks complainingly. He is awake too. No one can come down the chimney without their knowing it. He'll surprise them all to-morrow. A rooster crows, a gray light is creeping into the room. The fire in the other room is out—good gracious! it is morning! And the stockings, shapeless in another way, beckon with their bulging sides to the boy, who rubs his sleepy eyes in amazement, and declares that he never slept but one tiny minute the whole night long, and in that space of time Santa Claus or his parents took a mean advantage of him and did the trick he was so anxious to expose.